

# Invisible Birds

## The Devoted Few

waiting for the moment to come to stop the beating in my head  
and i'm holding my breath for to long, it's all a means to the end  
this air is killing us, where are we anyway  
i can't see beyond my hand, the sky has melted againit may be a hard act to follow but it's only something in  
my headwake up at 3am, curse the clock in my head  
the twilight stuck to your brow, 9 to 5 zombie  
give a little bit and it don't mean nothing else, down the stairs to your sea  
give a little bit and it don't mean nothing else, think that way and you'll see  
it's only beginningit may be a hard act to follow but it's only something in my head

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